

AN ANNIVERSARY

By SUSAN CLAGETT.

I. A man leaning against the closed door of his shanty high up in the Coeur d'Alene mountains, could look for miles over the country in the clear morning atmosphere, but he had eyes for nothing but the letter in his hand. The envelope bore a woman's name. The letter itself contained but three words, imperative, commanding—patience, also, in their brevity and the longing implied.

He had no need to work, this man whose hands showed hardest toil, but in work he found forgetfulness. He had been in the mountains three years and as he stood there he thought of the months that had gone before them; of love and hope and despair; that had driven him from his home. His eyes sought the letter. It was an appeal, his first and last.

II. The long, low room was very attractive in the firelight. The soft, rich carpet, the beautiful paintings, brasses from foreign countries and the wonderfully carved teak furniture told of wealth and luxury unheeded by the woman who moved restlessly from place to place as if driven by an invisible force. She held an open letter in her hand and her thoughts were full of the writer. She had been thinking of him before it reached her and as she reread it her thoughts again went back to their last day together, to the bitter words that had passed between them, that she, herself had said, not he.

They had been married scarcely a year, yet during that time she had more than once said words she regretted as soon as spoken.

He had tried to talk quietly with her, she remembered, but her bitter, caustic words aroused him at last.

"One thing I cannot understand," he had said, "why did you marry me? I thought I knew, but your words leave me in uncertainty."

"Be uncertain no longer," she had replied; "it was a mistake I regret every day I live."

"A mistake I will rectify as far as lies in my power," he had answered and left the room.

She had not seen him since. And now his letter. It made her pulses throb to suffocation.

"Come to me."

The woman paused at last in her restless walk; paused before the secretary. Opening a drawer she took from it a small box. Seated before the fire she opened it. It held a plain gold band, her wedding ring. She had taken it off that last day and now, as she looked within its circle at a date that brought back visions of happiness, she knew another week would bring an anniversary.

Taking a diamond from her other hand she pushed the ring into its former place.

She reached Wallace after six days of weary travel and the answers to her questions caused her restless heart to beat with apprehension.

"Want to know how to get to McDonald's shanty?" the station agent asked, eyeing her curiously. "One of his folks? Reckon you've come in the nick of time," he continued.

"Sick? Yes. His partner was down in town this morning and said Mac was out of his head with mountain fever."

Her mental anguish made the way interminable, but at last her guide lifted her from her horse and she stumbled alone up the short, steep path to the cabin door.

"Come in," someone called in answer to her rapping, but she could not move. As she leaned against the phanty for support she heard quick footsteps and the door was flung open, the light streaming out full in her face.

"Elizabeth!" She felt herself gathered into his arms, but could not speak as he carried her across the one room to the chair he had left.

"Elizabeth!" he said again, as if he could find no other word. Unfastening the furs at her throat, he raised her hands to his lips, then buried his face in her lap as he knelt before her.

The suspense, the dread she would not come were told in the heavy sobs that shook his frame.

"They told me you were ill," she said presently.

"The mistake was natural. It was McDonald, farther up the trail. Poor fellow. He went over the range an hour ago. I had just come from there when you knocked."

"To think it might have been you," she said, with a shiver, "that you might never have known I had come; gone without one word, with only the unkind ones you last heard from me to remember. I think I should have gone mad."

He put his hand under her chin, raising her face so that he could look into her eyes.

"Dear heart, do you know what day this is?"

"I have thought of nothing else. When they told me you were sick I—" "We will not talk about it," he said quickly, frightened by her agitation. "We must make merry on our wedding day. Keeping his arm about her he took a bottle from a shelf and partly filled two glasses. "A toast, a toast," he laughed, striving to hide his own emotion, but his hand trembled as he raised his glass.

"Let us be happy together," she murmured, and leaning forward, with her lips on his, she kissed him.

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THE ROY SCHOOLS RECORD

VOLUME IV

Motto "Per Angusta, Ad Augusta"
Roy, Mora County, New Mexico, Saturday, FEBRUARY 17 1917

NUMBER 11

Roy Schools Record.

Published every week by
THE MANUAL TRAINING CLASS.
ERNEST COCHRANE Editor.
CLARA MARTIN 1st Assistant.
CLIFTON DOWNING 2nd Assistant.
Reporters - ALL STUDENTS

School Board

F. A. ROY, Chairman.
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Teachers

J. E. RUSSELL, Prin.
CLARA RUSSELL, 7th and 8th Grades.
EUGENIA ROY, 5th and 6th Grades.
MARY WATERS, 4th Grade.
LORRINE LOWRY, 2nd and 3rd Grade.
DAN JENKINS, 2nd Primary.
MYRA DEFREES, 1st Primary.

We give below a report of the attendance in each room of the school, for each week. If you will watch this report you will be able to keep in close touch with your school and as a result be more able to judge of its present and future needs.

High School	15
7th and 8th Grade	26
5th and 6th Grade	38
4th Grade	30
2nd and 3rd Grade	30
Second Primary	30
First Primary	25
Total	221

The Verdict

February 8, 1917.

Supt. J. E. Russell,
Roy, New Mexico.

Dear Mr. Russell:

We have read the manuscripts which you sent over some time ago, and after considerable work, and with quite a little hesitation, we have decided that the manuscript to be marked "Best" is the one written by Virginia Martin, and the one to be marked "Second Best" is the one written by Fern Depew. Sorry that one of the boys did not come out as either first or second best, but this is our best judgement.

The manuscripts are very creditable, speak well for the composers, all things considered. They were well composed, the subject matter was well in hand and they were neatly put together.

Thanking you for the opportunity of serving you, and with best wishes to yourself and these contestants, I am,

Yours very truly,
J. H. Wagner
State Superintendent.

Local Judges have decided that Claude Brashears ranks third.

You are cordially invited to visit High School.

The tenth grade pupils have completed their work for this year in Civics, Algebra and English they have also taken final ex. on these subjects and have all made passing grades.

The Tenth Grade have begun their study of Geometry. They furnish quite a bit of amusement to the others when trying to draw geometrical figures with a string and chalk on the blackboard.

Professor Russell has been suffering from a severe cold this week.

Chewing gum is all the rage at our play rehearsals. Prof. said Sat. night that, if we would throw our gum away, he would furnish some for the next practice.

The Teachers of the Roy Schools will play Basket Ball with the H. S. Girls one day during the Teachers' Association. Don't fail to look up the date of this game, and be sure to attend the game.

All the pupils were present in the High School room this week.

No Limit

There is no limit on the supply of success. Get over the idea that about everything that can be done has been done. Every time the other fellow plucks the flower of Opportunity from the plant of Success twice as many new buds appear. Nip'em, man, nip'em, and nurse them along yourself. It isn't necessary to create success out of nothing; create it out of anything!

Nepoleon, with a price on his head changed history.

Samuel Morse was the only man who believed in the telegraph he invented.

Don't be your own greatest discouragement!

What man has done he can do more of!

We are very buisy this week practicing our plays and also Basket Ball as we dont feel that we want to be defeated by the teachers.

Clara Martin was absent Monday.

We are practising of nights during this week on the play "The Kingdom of Hearts Content. We intend for this play to be a success, so dont fail to see it.

Leda Schnell is back in School after a weeks absence because of the illness of her mother.

Indispensability
There was once a wee little cog wheel in a great big factory.

The teeny, little cog wheel was on the heavy end of the work, admittedly. Its job was to drive a great big cog wheel. The little cog wheel just had to spin, spin it's head off to make the big fellow move but slowly.

The little cog wheel was the big cog wheel's Source of Power. The little cog wheel was doing the driving.

One day something went wrong in the factory as things will in this world. The little cog wheel had slipped along its shaft until it was out of mesh with the big one.

So no wheel in the factory turned. The little wheel had all the push, you see.

The moral is: Drive, don't be driven and you are indispensable.

SUCCESS SAYINGS

Quality will put a man above equality.

Only your view limits your due.

The world can't pay for what you say. It only owes to the man who shows.

If you have the sand you're sure to land.

The stuff always beats a bluff. Every whine shows a lack of spine.

Leda Schnell is back in school after a week's absence.

The H. S. boys are going to match a game with the town boys, during the Teachers' Association.

And the B. B. girls will play against the teachers. Sodon't fail to see these games.

Don't fail to see the play "The Kingdom of Hearts Content."

Ernest and Thelma Cochran returned to school about noon Monday.

Roy needs more High School.

Hannibal under adverse conditions, conquered a superiority.

Honatus went down with the bridge but stuck it out by swimming.

HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

"The Kingdom of Heart's Content"

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

WILL BE GIVEN AT
THE ASSEMBLY HALL
ROY, NEW MEXICO

February, 23rd. 1917

CAST

TOM LANSING, A Senior in Law ERNEST H. COCHRANE
MILES ALDEN, A Boston Law Student W. CRAVENS PLUMLEE
SIDNEY HILTON, A Student Card Sharp CLAUDE R. BRASHEARS
BILLY MERRILL, A Little Freshman LESTER FLOERSHEIM
RALPH LAWRENCE, A Football Coach ROY B. HALL
THE BURGLAR, A Knight of the Jimmy JULIAN M. MONTÓYA
MILICENT MERRILL, In Search of Her Prince CLARA M. MARTIN
SHIRLEY HATHAWAY, Who thinks the World of Ralph HELEN S. BRUCE
DIXIE DAVIS, A Superstitious Southern Coed LENA E. LUSK
MADGE LANSING, Hostess at Sing Sing Cottage TILLIE BRANCH
ELOISE ELMER, A Devotee of Art and Adjectives

FRANCES PALMER, With Literary Aspirations C. ERMA RUSSELL
GRETCHEN LANSING, Who Wants to Grow Up THELMA P. COCHRANE
AMY DEAN, A Coed Who Loves Football THELMA P. COCHRANE
PAULINE THAYER, Known as Punich and Judy GENEVIEVE F. BROWN
JUDITH GRAY, ETNA R. FLOERSHEIM
MRS. WILBERTON, Aunt to Madge, Gretchen and Tom FERN R. DEPEW

TILLIE, The Maid Who "Loves de Patcher Boy" LEDA I. SCHNELL

Time of Playing 2 Hours 45 Minutes

Synopsis

Act I—Gretchen objects to being treated like a child. The art of fishing is declared an inhuman pastime. Students are hungry. Virtues of strawberry pop. Golf and art. A novelist seeking inspiration. The mail arrives. News of the Burglar. Elies arrives and is mistaken for the Burglar by Dixie. The recognition.

Act II—Tillie in love. Cries because she can't laugh. Millicent seeking for a Prince to lead her into the Kingdom of Hearts Content. Tom disappointed. Billy falls into evil ways. Tom assists him. The trick play. Hilton steals it. News of the betrayal of the college team. The accusal. Tom admits his guilt to save Billy. Shunned and deserted. "Poor Milly!"

Act III—Tilly enjoys herself and no longer cries, for "de putcher boy lofer her." Difficulties of love making. Billy in the dumps. Amy indignant. "I'll stand by the team to the bitter end!" Gretchen learns of Tom's trouble and discovers the blotter revealing the traitor. Hilton confronted and routed. Dixie surrenders her heart to Miles. Millicent finds her Prince. News of the college team's victory. All ends happily.

Curtain Raiser 8 P. M. Sharp
"Mrs. Flynn's Lodgers"

A One Act Comedy VERY SERIOUS

General Admission 25 cents
Reserved Seats 10 cents Extra Now on Sale at Roy Postoffice

We Want YOU to COME

Basket Ball is the only game for the Roy High School.

Several of the girls have their arms wrapped this week, caused by B. Ball.

Ruth Depew was absent the past week because of illness.

All A Man Needs is Himself.

Cleaning the Aegean Stables was a dirty job but Hercules went through with it.

Seek Aid From Books.
There is a growing tendency in modern business to make the utmost use of reference books and authoritative publications. This attitude is not only reflected by the management of large organizations, but even among the men themselves, who look to books and periodicals to aid them in their work. Many of the more progressive manufacturing firms have installed reference libraries in charge of skilled librarians for the use of their staff.

Basket Ball

THURSDAY
Morning 11:00 A. M.
February, 22,

High School
VS
TOWN BOYS

FRIDAY EVENING
2:00 P. M.

High School Girls
VS
Teachers

3:00

Boys Game

No Admission

"OLD PAPERS"

By OLIVE MARTIN.

"The first snow of the season!" Lorena looked out of the big window in the living room and watched the feathery flakes of white dusting the street and sidewalk.

"How time flies! Dear me, I'd no idea the month was so far along. I've been so busy with the campaign for the new baby hospital that I've lost track of the days."

She turned to the window again. "I wish those little boys would hurry with their wagons; it's after one now and there's so much to do."

In a few minutes a noisy little crowd was around the fire getting instructions.

The crowd departed and Lorena looked fondly after her little settlement people. Her life was full of these things now, charity and good works, that kept her busy and her thoughts off the past. A half dozen years before a great tragedy had come into her life.

She returned to the library and picked up a photograph from the table.

"Dear, the last time I saw you was a day like this, but somehow it didn't seem cold like today. The world even without the sunshine was rosy and warm and glowing because I was with you. You looked that day as if you wanted to say something and couldn't. What was it, dear? Did I guess right? Did you really love me and was it that you tried to tell? Then why did you go away?"

The little wagons filled and two trips were made to Miss Lorena's big side porch where the contents were emptied in a heterogeneous mass that delighted her heart. "Why, kiddies, it looks as if we were going to get a good many dollars for the little sick babies. Come on inside now and warm your fingers before you start out again. Why, what's this? It looks like a stack of sermons. Such a lot of writing and pounds and pounds of paper!" She picked up a sheet and read.

"It's all about stars! And it's old and dusty, an old manuscript somebody has thrown out. I think I'll take it in and look it over. I've always loved astronomy!"

Lorena settled herself on the rug before the fire to look over her discovery.

"Toward the south we see that the groups of stars which pass above the horizon—" The paragraph ended abruptly and the rest of the page was blank except for a footnote. "Tinted and can't write any more. Lorena, dear, good-night."

She sprang to her feet with a cry, clutching the paper tightly to her bosom.

Robert Culver, returning from his daily trip to the library, went into his study and opened a drawer of his desk. It was empty! Horrified he pulled out another. It was also empty. In fact every drawer was as innocent of paper as the Sahara desert of fish. He strode hurriedly to the kitchen. "Nanny, where are the manuscripts that were in my desk?"

"Why, sir, it's the darlin' babies. They came and said they needed the papers to make a hospital with and they were so old and dirty I thought you'd forgotten them and I gave them to the boys—"

He went to the door and looked down the street. The cold wind blew fine snow into his eyes, but he didn't feel either. His work, the study of years, was gone!

Suddenly he spied two small figures pulling a wagon through the park. They might know of something. Without waiting for hat or coat he followed as fast as he could.

"Hello, boys! Do you know anybody that's collecting papers around here?" "We are. Have you got any? We're after our third load."

"No, I'm afraid you got all I had. Where are you taking them?" "To Miss Lorena Herrick's on Sycamore street."

"Lorena Herrick's?" he almost shouted. He stood looking dazedly into the shabby little wagon regardless of the curious eyes turned on him standing bareheaded in the snow. Lorena Herrick! The name that had been buried in his heart for years! Then suddenly the words took form and gazed up at him from a letter in the bottom of the otherwise empty wagon. There it lay, old, yellow and soiled, but the inscription on it stood out plain. "Miss Lorena Herrick, 110 Sycamore street, Drexton, N. Y." The stamp was uncancelled and the writing his own. He picked it up bewildered.

"Where did this come from?" "Don't know. Must a' fallen out of something," came the answer.

"It's for Miss Herrick. I'll take it to her." He turned and strode away. Lorena stood before the fire. "Robert, dear, good-night!" she breathed softly over and over to the mysterious figures dancing in the flames.

The front door opened and closed and Robert himself came into the room, hatless, snow-covered and very pale. Lorena drew back, almost falling, then suddenly broke into a nervous little laugh.

"You've come for this, of course!" She held out the paper.

"I've come, dear girl of my dreams, for you. Here is the letter which never was posted, absent-minded beggar that I am. Am I too late, Lorena, after six years?"

For answer, she held up her face to his.

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